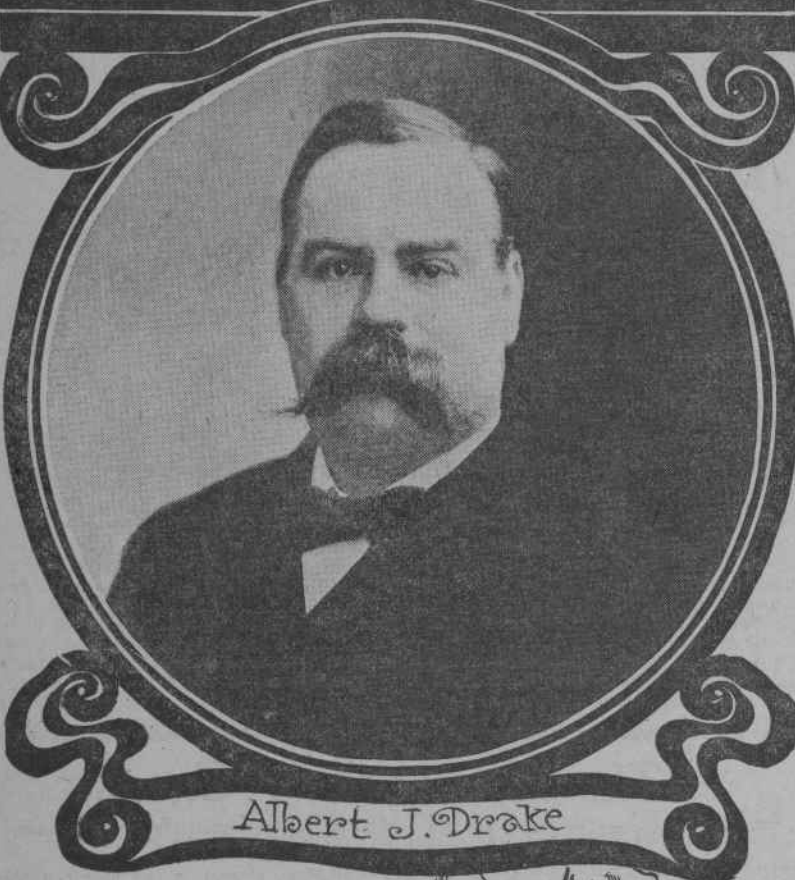


TWO CLAIMANTS for MILLIONS

Albert J. Drake, Hotel Clerk, Hopes to Get Part of the \$250,000,000 Treasure Gathered by Sir Francis Drake.



Albert J. Drake



Panama, and of a still greater fortune that passed into Sir Francis' hands after the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and learning that the Court of Chancery had decreed a division of the property among the heirs, he immediately inserted an advertisement in the Herald, asking the attorneys of the estate to communicate with him.

While temporarily in the office of the Sheriff House, Mr. Drake is arranging to bring out an interesting volume of his thirty years' experience in the hotel business in different parts of the country. He begins the narrative when he was a boy in London, and tells how he came to this country and worked his way up until he found himself a clerk in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in the great days when General Grant, Sherman and Sheridan were a power in the land and always stayed in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. General Arthur also had his headquarters there during political campaigns.

Said Mr. Drake yesterday, in response to questions: "There is no doubt that I shall get a share in the Drake estate of \$250,000,000, if it is true that the English courts have ordered a division of the property among the heirs. Our family is well known, and there will be no difficulty in establishing my lineage and right to a share of that great property."

"We came over from London when I was a year old. My mother soon dying, father moved to the West, but soon returned and I was put at school in Broome street. When eleven, I went to Illinois, got a position in a little country hotel, and a year later found myself behind the desk in the old Planters' Hotel in St. Louis."

"From there I was graduated to the Tremont, in Chicago. After two years of experience in that historical home of the traveling public, I came to New York and got a clerkship in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where I remained off and on from 1879 to 1889. While there I made the acquaintance of many leading men of the country."

Men Then and Now

"I often think of the contrast between the really great men of those days and the so-called political time servers of the present, who think themselves the head of the affairs of the country. I remember at one time we had four candidates for the White House under our roof at the Fifth Avenue—Cleveland, Blaine, General Butler and Belva Lockwood."

"General Sheridan was a most charming man and a great soldier. Many a story could tell of both Sheridan and Sherman, but I remember with peculiar pleasure the friendship shown me by President Arthur. A single incident will show what kind of man he was."

"One day, as I was walking down Fifth avenue, approaching Thirty-fourth street, I met General Arthur coming out of the old A. T. Stewart mansion, opposite where the Waldorf now stands. He was a great friend of Mr. Stewart and frequently visited her. He bowed and asked me if I were going to the hotel. I said yes. Then he joined me and we walked down the avenue together. I felt quite honored by the President's company, as every step steps on our way down Fifth avenue he was saluted by distinguished persons, some of whom stopped for a word or two and then passed on. Many a time after that I met General Arthur, and can say that he was always the same, a courteous gentleman and a friend."

Mr. Drake, in his book about to be published, gives an interesting account of his experience in New York politics while searching for a political job.

"Senator Gorman," he says, "expressed interest in my case, and said he would gladly aid me not only with advice, but he would personally intercede in my behalf. He asked me to get letters from local New York leaders in politics, democratic assemblymen, Congressmen and others, then come to him and he would go with me to the Collector of the Port and see that I got a position."

"With this encouragement I started out for the letters. Knowing so many men of national reputation, I thought I'd have no difficulty in securing anything I wanted. But I had not reckoned with Tammany Hall. Not being a member of that organization, I had no idea of its great power. A prominent millionaire gave me a strong letter to the Collector, who not only said he would give me letters from local New York leaders, but he would personally with me to call on the Collector of the Port."

"Visits were paid to nearly every man of importance in democratic politics, but all had excuses to make, which in substance were that as I was not a member of Tammany Hall there was no hope for my procuring a position under a democratic administration. Strange as it may seem, at the end of three months I had secured but

a single letter. Then I reported to Senator Gorman.

"He expressed surprise, and said with emphasis that he would go to the Collector and secure the position—that is, he would go to Washington he did not forget me, and sent a letter for me to the Collector. By this time I had little faith in New York politics. However, I called at the Collector's office, and he gave me two letters, which seemed to impress him, for he sent for the Deputy Collector and told him to find me a place in his department."

"Now thought the place was as good as in hand, but, to my surprise, when we reached the Deputy's office he looked over a few papers and informed me that he had nothing good enough for me just then, that I was too valuable a man for a small position. I should go home and he would send for me in a few days, when he had found a vacancy. I waited patiently week after week, but no answer came."

"Later I met a gentleman of the old school, who was very considerate and kind. It was Smith M. Weed, a friend of President Cleveland, and when I told him of my experiences he expressed great surprise, and said I should have come to him in the first place. Then it would have been easy. However, he would see what he could do. Then he saw the Collector and asked that I be put to work at once. The Collector apparently acquiesced, and Mr. Weed went his way."

"But that was the end of it. I never received a line from the Custom House or any hint that I was to have a position. Finally I came to the conclusion that Tammany Hall in New York is the power behind the throne. Now I am going to publish my book and establish my claims to my share of the \$250,000,000 estate left by Sir Francis Drake, who saved England, and destroyed the Spanish fleet, and if I get my rights I can take a day off and have a rest."

The Drake Millions

As to the amount of Drake's fortune none of the authorities available presents the figures. He had so much, however, in his day that it was measured by chestsful.

It dated from his early raids on the Spanish treasure fleets and caravans. So wonderful was his success in getting Spanish gold for England that when his ships sailed one sweet Sunday in the harbor of Plymouth the entire congregations, men, women and children, left the churches in a body and ran to greet the heroes at the quay.

It is recorded that one ship had twenty tons of pure silver, a dozen chests of gold plate and eighty pounds avoirdupois of pure gold, while bales, boxes and chests were filled with emeralds and pearls, of which Drake gave Queen Elizabeth cartloads. The knight the brave pirate. So violent was the hatred of Drake's enemies at court that they called him the Master Thief of the Unknown World.

On several occasions he secured so much booty that his ships could not carry all the gold and precious stones. He scattered enough treasures among his roistering friends to run a thousand country printing offices and an opera company. Even before Drake told Queen Elizabeth of his plans for looting the Spanish shipping of the southern seas he was called the richest man in England.

By 1572 Drake had discovered the secret sources of the vast wealth pouring into Spain by shipload. It came from the treasure caves of Peru and other mining countries in South America. Temples and storehouses, vaults and palaces were paved with slabs of gold and silver and tons of pearls of monstrous size lay in heaps and piles, often kicked about as so many oyster shells.

Notwithstanding the millions given by Drake to Queen Elizabeth, he kept other millions for himself until at one time it is estimated that he had nearly a billion dollars' worth of treasure in his possession. So it is easy to understand that the paltry \$250,000,000 which has since accumulated and added to his estate is but a bagatelle—a hint of the vast wealth that Drake took to England in ships that feared neither storms nor Spaniards.

If Mr. Albert Drake gets a fair share of the estate he can buy a Fifth Avenue Hotel every morning for a month and still have several others left over for dinner.

EAST SIDE WOMAN HEIR TO A FORTUNE

HEIR to thirty millions in her seventieth year, with the discovery of the estate in California, is the cheering news that makes Mrs. Freda Weinstock the happiest woman in Ludlow street. In that overcrowded Russian district, where humanity is packed into tenements at the rate of two hundred thousand persons to the square mile, is a little three room apartment where Mrs. Weinstock lives. She is a nurse, and for more than a quarter of a century has been seeking her man in the estate of her uncle, Solomon Herowitz, who came to America years ago and won a fortune in California gold mines.

Her quest extended through Russia, Austria and this country, and all her earnings as a nurse among wealthy Hebrew families have been devoted to the search for her relative. Now comes the news that her attorney, Jacob Frank, of No. 116 Nassau street, has "located" the fortune under the name of "Estate of Bishop Weiss" in California, left by her uncle, who, after his discovery of gold, changed his name, became a clergyman and up to his death won an enviable reputation unknown to his family.

On these few facts hangs the story which Mrs. Weinstock, with children and grandchildren grouped around her, told to a Herald reporter yesterday in her little home at No. 15 Ludlow street, where from a single window you can count a thousand children in the streets below. Her father, away back in the early years of the last century, was a military contractor, and during one of Russia's great wars was commissariat for the Russian government. Her sister, of whom she lost sight for twenty years, is now living in Russia and reported wealthy.

Mrs. Weinstock was born in Wittipsky, Russia, of Hebrew parentage. She was brought to this country by relatives when a child. One of her earliest recollections was of her father's youngest brother, Solomon Herowitz, a wonderful singer in the thriving Austrian city of Lemberg, where beautiful Polish women speak half a dozen languages and live in castles.

Young Solomon began singing as a boy in the choir until he became known as the sweetest singer of Lemberg. Later he became a chanter (Chazan) and his fame spread far and wide. Indeed, his services were in such demand that from all parts of Russia and other countries in Europe came offers to sing in the great synagogues.

Solomon was a rising man and they talked of educating him for the priesthood when he got into a dispute with his superiors, rabbis and elders, over the rights of women in the synagogues. He championed the women and won their enthusiastic support in demanding that there be

Mrs. Freda Weinstock, Trained Nurse, Finds Herself Heir to \$30,000,000 Dug Up by Her Uncle in the California Gold Fields.



Mrs. Freda Weinstock



Codfish a Luxury.

THE fact that the American codfishers have been cut off from securing bait in Newfoundland as well as the French causes satisfaction at St. Pierre, not because the former have lost their baiting privileges, but from the belief that American vessel owners will unite with the St. Pierre fleet in securing and preserving bait to their mutual benefit. Schools of herring visit St. Pierre and should be secured when opportunity offers. From one school last fall it is estimated that several thousand barrels could have been secured. Caplin, a much esteemed bait for use in July, seldom fails to come to these islands to spawn, and it is thought that with proper arrangements the supply will be equal to the demand.

Among all the Bank fishermen squid are considered good bait at any season and may be caught in fair quantities about these shores; in the past this is the one bait supply that has not been lost to the fisherman. French fishermen are seriously handicapped in their efforts to secure bait, a careful inquiry establishes the fact that there is an abundance of salt squid and herring for the first trip.

Vigorous preparations are being made for the coming season, and the indications are that the tonnage sailing from St. Pierre to engage in codfishing will be more than for a number of years, among the vessels being many new ones. With a record of three decades this renewed enterprise is commendable.

The price of codfish in France has advanced to a figure never before reached, making it a luxury instead of an article of common consumption. The French firms are offering St. Pierre fishermen \$1.50 per

In the last twenty years 2,000 balloons and airship ascents have taken place in Germany and only thirty-six cases of accident have befallen the 7,500 persons taking part in them. Consequently, one trip in fifty-seven comes to grief, or one aeronaut in 219 suffers an accident.

How to Pack Figs.

"DO you believe in fairies?" "Or do you like figs?" Well, in Smyrna the fig district is largely along the line of the Smyrna-Aidin Railroad. The best grades of fruit (termed erbelli) come from Inovassi. Figs from Naali and from Sultan Hisar are also highly valued, although the skins are somewhat thicker. Trees begin to bear in their sixth year and are in full vigor in the fifteenth year. Fig trees on the low plains yield fruit which is both larger and richer in saccharine matter. They often suffer, however, from an excess of moisture in unusually wet seasons, when groves on higher ground are less harmed, owing to the facilities for drainage.

The fruit ripens about the middle of August, when it is picked and dried in the open air for from three to six days. It is then packed in sacks of about 250 pounds each, two of which constitute a load for a camel, and transported to the nearest railroad station. After arrival at Smyrna camels likewise transport the sacks to the warehouses of the dealers. Carts are not employed in this connection, as the fruit is liable to be damaged when the sacks are piled one on the other. The arrivals from the country are promptly bought up by the various packing houses, who have each a large corps of employees, chiefly women and girls, for the

operations of sorting, washing, drying and packing the fruit. This means work for many thousands in Smyrna during the months of September and October, and the average degree of prosperity among the lower classes during the entire year is largely dependent upon the amount of money set in motion during this short period.

The sorting of the figs is carried out with great care. Color, but more especially size and thickness, or rather thinness, of skin, guide the classification. The inferior grades, the so-called "hordas," culls or refuse, are eliminated and sold for purposes of distillation. A certain quantity of this grade is exported to Austria and Hungary and used as a substitute for chicory. The delicate flavor of Vienna coffee is due to the presence of dried fig powder. The better grades are prepared for export in various ways. The least expensive is packing in linen or other bags, and is used usually for the less valuable qualities.

The finer grades are subjected to a certain manipulation before being tightly packed in boxes containing from one to eleven pounds. During the manipulation the workmen continually dip their fingers in sea water. As a result the fruit is better preserved, and the sweetness is not diminished by long keeping.

A Glimpse of Palm Beach in the Season

NOW that the fashionable world wends its way each year to Palm beach, the coyness of the fair sex all over the country are turned in that direction, for women always have an irresistible longing to know just what certain persons do and wear. It is a gay, luxurious life, and I suppose that no more extravagant dressing can be seen anywhere in the world.

So many women make the mistake of thinking that the more they pay for their clothes and the greater variety they have the better they look. But as a matter of fact the best dressed women, who comprise a very small circle, are the ones who wear simple clothes in hotels, except at night, when handsome gowns are permissible.

Money, of course, provides the whereabout, but I know some exquisitely dressed women who spend one-fifth of the average allowance on their clothes. Real laces and jewels and plumes do not belong to the morning hours, especially in a place like Palm Beach—nor do they at Newport or Bar Harbor.

The handsome, best turned out woman I know always appears in lovely muslin or organdie frocks, with a trim belt and big shade hat, lace veil and parasol, always crisp and fresh and dainty, the gown simple enough, but perfect in cut, with only a suspicion of lace as trimming. If exercising, of course this woman wears white linen dresses and severe hats and chiffon veils, for the day of the sunburnt and weather beaten maiden is a thing of the past, for which all men and most women are thankful.

Dozens of girls and matrons can be seen each year at Palm Beach sitting on the piazzas or walking about trailing their priceless lace or hand painted and embroidered dresses in the dust and looking artificial and out of place. Of course, with most of the fair ones at Palm Beach money flows like water, and therefore there is no excuse for not being dressed in perfect taste on every occasion.

For those who exercise there is tennis or golf in the morning, which the latter is with a swim in the tank, although the ocean, for those who are fond of bathing and do not go in for it merely because it is the thing, is more invigorating and agreeable. I never recall seeing a fashionable woman in a large public bath, which is really all that these tanks amount to, the world over. However, they give women an opportunity to show off elaborate bathing suits, which in the open sea. You will hear of silk and real lace bathing suits, but they are as vulgar and out of place as diamonds in the morning. Affairs with white collar and cuffs is what women who set the standard of good taste in dressing appear in. For tennis there are nice white flannels with trig Eton jackets and immaculate shirts, worn with cravats and girdles.

For the afternoon, if one is not exercising, there are tailor made linens, worn with the new shaped sailor. In the evening all the women dress very much, and a lovely gown, and a severe coat, and a pair of gloves, and a blue and silver cloth coat over an underdress of blue chiffon. Huge embroidered roses made an effective trimming down either side of the front.

Fresh from Paris was the hair ornament—a long, stiff, curling aigrette, sweeping out from the head and fastened to a band of roses through which the hair was drawn in puffs and curls. Another delicious looking frock for dancing is of pink chiffon over silver tissue and having the front panel embroidered with a rose design. The sleeves and waist consist chiefly of a deep, oddly shaped flower and a wide silver girdle.

So far the winter has been such a beautiful one that people have not been in any hurry to hibernate, but even a month ago the dressing down there was a thing to marvel at. No fashion articles, no dressmakers, can ever tell a woman the correct things to wear. Supposing she has never been to Palm Beach (I take this as an example because it is the most popular and the gayest resort)—as I said, supposing she has not only never been there, but has no way of knowing just what to take, then what can she do? If she or women plan to go to such a position that this article is written as well as for those who from curiosity alone love to know what the best dressed women are wearing.

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Ice Making in France.

Consul Jackson, of La Rochelle, states that on account of the steadily increasing fishing industry the manufacture of ice in La Rochelle has become an important consideration. He says:—

"The most important ice plant produces forty tons per day, and there are three others of varying capacity. The system employed is that by which sulphurous acid is used. The appearance of ice for industrial requirements has naturally suggested its use for domestic purposes. Several attempts to make ice boxes or refrigerators have been more or less unsuccessful. In one instance a family imported a refrigerator direct from New York. There should be an excellent opportunity for the American ice box in La Rochelle and neighborhood."